

Walk the Dog by MistressYin

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Summary:

Steve walks his dad's friend's dogs.

Walk the Dog

Author's Note:

Hello. it might make sense if you don't read the rest of the series.

And the phrase of the day is...Walk the Dog!

Steve wondered how he got into this mess. He was thirteen years old and walking dogs for his fathers business partners, for a dollar an hour.

It took like, three times to walk the dog for an hour so he really wasn't getting in cash. He was just walking his dad's "friend's" dogs.

Dogs.

As in multiple creatures.

Samoyed and Pharaoh hound were just terrible to work with, but the little lion dog was downright dingy.

He walked around mailboxes, slid under cars, and hooped around his fellow dogs just o screw with him. And yes, it was definitely on purpose. He could tell by the look in Rovers eyes.

The little lion dog's name was Rover, a feisty female. The Samoyed was a strutting male called Entitled, and the Pharaoh hound was a competitive male who was named Stopper.

"Stopper, no, hey! I said no." the Pharaoh hound was mean, and had taken a liking to trying to piss on his shoes.

Little shits.

Rover trotted around his legs, effectively tying him up in his own leash.

Entitled licked his paw, looking at all of them like they were peasants.

“Ohho! Look at me and my prissy fur coat! Stupid human slave, doesn’t even know how to keep my underlings under control.” Steve turned his voice high pitch as he shook his hips and pretended he was Entitled.

He heard a snort behind him.

Jonathon Byers stood there, camera in hand and grin on his face.

Rover instantly started yapping incessantly. Entitled turned away and stretched. Pharaoh decided he liked him again and stood guard, pulling himself up to his full height.

Steve straightened and brushed his pants off as if nothing had happened. “Nothing to see here, Byers move along now! I have a pharaoh to please.” He eyed the large dog.

Stopper preened and growled his agreement.

“Sometimes it’s like the actually understand me...” he sighed, slumping.

He spun around quickly when more laughter joined. Joyce Byers was holding perhaps a four year old baby Byers by his bum, giggling at his predicament.

Entitled didn’t even glance up.

“Oh wow thanks for defending me!” he yelled at him.

He threw his arms up, used to talking to dogs. They were less violent and more fun than people. Rover ran around his feet excitedly, tangling him more.

“UGhh....! how is this even...i said there was nothing to see!” he shouted at the laughing group. A distinct male voice made him freeze, though.

“You need some help there, kid?” Male and unmistakably father Byers.

He looked down. “Oh, uh, no thank you sir. I’ve got it.”

“Lonnie, I told you to help him! Don’t leave until you’ve helped him!” Mother Byers screeched from the sidelines.

The man rolled his eyes at his wife.

“Here, kid.” He picked Rover up, chuckling when the dog tried to nip at him. Father Byers began untangling him, so Steve accepted the help and got Stopper and Entitled to actually move their butts.

The man passed him the small dog, and Steve lifted his knee to rest Rover there.

“Thank you, uh...?”

“Lonnie.” He nodded with a smile.

“Lonnie.” He then began shuffling his feet, planning to escape into the woods where people wouldn’t laugh at him talking to animals.

Father Byers/Lonnie paused.

“Are you out here all alone?”

“Yup. My parents said I needed to learn how to work. But I only get a dollar an hour, so you can go ahead and keep prolonging my return home. More money for me.” He reiterated cheerfully, knowing he wasn’t going to get paid anyway. His father would never give him money unless publicly, and then would probably take it away afterwards.

“Okay, well...just come over if you need us, yea?”

Steve eyed him suspiciously. “Yes, sir,” he still wasn’t meeting the man’s watchful gaze, though.

He didn’t think he liked that man. He really didn’t like that man when he walked back over to his wife and eyed Mrs. Wheeler from the corner of his eye.

He knew bad people. His mother and him had to avoid them at parties all of the time.

He sat rover down once they were out of view and allowed him to keep running around in circles. He knew his father's "Friend" wasn't very nice to them. He just let them do as they pleased.

He laughed as he began to have conversations with himself talking as the dogs again.

Author's Note:

Thanks again from MistressYin!